Beatrix von Beyersdorf. - 95. -

WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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VOL. XXI NOVEMBER No. 6

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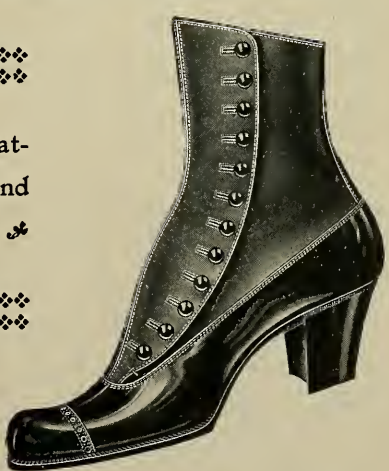

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The Wellesley College News

Entered at the Post Office in Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

VOL. XXI. WELLESLEY, NOVEMBER 7, 1912. No. 6

THE FOUNDER OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

When Christiana and her children on their eventful journey to the Celestial City were approaching the House Beautiful, one met them whose name was Interpreter. His pleasant task it was, to give them the spiritual meaning of their surroundings. On the threshold of the College Beautiful you are standing. At this hour Interpreter seeks to tell you of the significance of its foundations. Each opening year repeats the story. The voice is not always the same, but the message is unchanging.

This is in truth a memorial service,—an expression of the high honor in which the College cherishes the name of its Founder, whose life was so wonderful a gift of God to us. But it is more. His own words would silence our praises,—"The College belongs to God and not to me. May it be known and loved as His only!" We are here not alone for remembrance, but that we may pledge anew our devotion to the ideals which are enshrined in the College.

Open your hearts,—dear youngest daughters of Wellesley,—to her message, that like the divine seed in the good soil, it may spring up a hundredfold, in blossom and fruitage, to enrich your own life and to bless the world. Hear the Founder's words to you:—"Dante wrote at the beginning of his record of that sacred love which guided him to God, 'Incipit Vita Nova'—Here beginneth the new life. Will you not write that inscription, in all its noblest meanings, at the beginning of your course in Wellesley College, thus making it also the beginning of the beautiful, ideal life?"

The meaning of Wellesley College,—what is it? You have "entered College." It is now to enter your life,—to become a part of the texture of your being. What will it be to you and in you and through you to the world?

Those of us who long ago received the benediction of our Alma Mater and went forth, to test her teachings in the crucible of experience, come back to tell you that of all the lessons learned in college days the deepest and most precious is that which was set for us by the Founders. Whether there be knowledge of the classroom, it shall vanish away,—whether there be tongues, they shall cease, but the truths which they have implanted here have in them "the power of the endless life." They are a part of that wisdom which cometh down from above,—from Him who Himself came that we might have life and that we might have it more abundantly. We shall be short of sight and dull of vision if we see in these halls but a place in which we may accumulate the data of knowledge. The real foundations of the college are not of brick or of stone, but truth and beauty, wisdom and righteousness,—the precious stones of the city of God.

Two questions the world has a right to ask of the colleges: What are you gaining for scholarship? What are you giving in service? The search for truth and the service of humanity,—these are the tasks which our times require of those who have spent four privileged years within these cloisters of the mind. The test of education, as Dr. Cuthbert Hall once said

to us, is in its social efficency, not that fallacious utilitarianism which is absorbed in the ways of earning or of baking one's daily bread, but "capacity to minister in the world of human lives for the furtherance of the common good." Men are looking to the colleges for that trained leadership for which every form of noble enterprise is in need. The summons to larger service for mankind in home, in school, in church, in state, is ringing through college casements as never before, and the call meets swift response. There never was a crusade like it,—this long procession of eager youth, exulting in "the luxury of doing good," passing on the flame of truth and life and love, until even the shadowed places of the world will soon be all agleam. In these earnest days there is no room for the unfilled or the unlit lamp. Just beyond these gates the world is waiting for you, eagerly beckoning to you, pleading for help. All sorts and conditions of people and causes are watching for your coming. Indeed, many a good cause is not even waiting, but pressing already within the gates, demanding attention and allegiance in undergraduate days, to the peril of scholarship and true growth in grace.

What answer has Wellesley College to give to this call of the world, this demand of the present age? Does the light enkindled upon her altars by the Founder burn with a steadfast flame as each of her daughters bears it shining upon her little lamp into the high or the lowly ways of life? Ah! beloved, if the lamp be clear and full, there is no question about the light. The ideals of the Founder, if we may fully realize them in the College,—these will be sufficient answer both to the world's test and to its appeal. For he not only saw deeply into the needs of his own day, but far beyond them into the future which we have not yet reached. Upon the broad foundation which he laid, the College will continue to build for many a decade. To hands strong and skilful we have entrusted the building, believing that they will hold the lines fair and true to the design of the master.

What, then, were his ideals? Let them be interpreted for us, first by his life and then by his words.

A personality so intense, so vital as that of Mr. Durant has an eloquence as potent as his most fervent utterances. Ah! if you could have known him,—even once have seen him,—that straight, lithe figure, slender yet commanding, the finely cut features, the beautiful white hair, the eyes dark and piercing, the mouth firm, yet sensitive, now stern with an earnestness almost ascetic, now illumining his whole countenance with a wonderful smile; if you could have observed him on our great fete days when he was the mainspring of every enterprise of celebration, yet so persistently resolved to escape the homage deservedly his, that while others were being honored for lesser service on the chapel platform, his was the darkest seat under the gallery, —if you could have seen his face "radiant with a light from heaven," when with the fiery zeal of the lawyer and the evangelist, but also with the tenderness of a father pleading with his children, he preached to us of the Divine Life; if you could have heard his voice as it rose in fervent prayer for us—for you—that the daughters of Wellesley might ever walk in "the pure, white light of the truth!" Though more than thirty years have gone since that strange October day when they told us that he had

> "passed thro' Glory's morning gate and walked in Paradise,"

and you may never know the rare charm, the inspiration of his personal presence, his wisdom and his faith, his aspirations for you and for the world through you will speak to you in every good gift of your college life.

On the twentieth of February, 1822, Henry Fowle Durant was born in Hanover, N. H., a town of interesting associations with the student days of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate. His father was a lawyer; his mother possessed unusual beauty and intelligence, and a deep, religious nature. His boyhood home was in Lowell. He was fitted for college by a rarely accomplished woman, one of the best Greek scholars of that generation, Mrs. Ripley, the mistress of the manse in Waltham. In after years he often told with enthusiasm how this sweet and serene mother of seven children and teacher of many more would at the same time nurse the baby, shell the peas and teach the boys the classics, which she seemed to know by heart. "It was to her good mind and

fine scholarship that he attributed the arousing of his faith in the high intellectual possibilities of women." At the age of nineteen he was graduated from Harvard University. At twenty-one he entered upon the practise of law, first in his father's office in Lowell, but soon and permanently in Boston. Sensitive in nature, a poet and a dreamer, he would have chosen the quiet life of a scholar, but the demand for an active career was upon him and brilliant success came at once. "No man ever rose more rapidly at the Suffolk bar," and the seventeen years of his practise there won both fame and fortune. In 1854 his own home was founded and hallowed by the presence of one who was beautiful and accomplished, noble in lineage and in life. We have no need to seek the source of Mr. Durant's belief in woman's intellectual power. In his saintly mother, in his brilliant teacher, in her whose name in all our thoughts of grateful love is one with his, this faith found abundant assurance. Soon after his marriage the summer residence at Wellesley was purchased, with the intention of building a homestead on one of these fair hills.

Mr. Durant's passionate fondness for nature is revealed in his "Address on Rural Life," delivered in 1859. These are a few of his eloquent words:—

"The world is overflowing with this wonder and mystery which for want of a better name we call beauty and the beautiful. We see it in the fading sunset, the vanishing clouds, in the haunted shadows of the forest, in the delicate, wild flowers, more beautiful and more rare, if we would but examine them, than our coarser garden flower. It is heard in the sounds of the lonely wind, mourning among the pine boughs, in the music of the wandering brooks, in the morning concert of the birds, when in full orchestra they welcome in the dawn, in the voice of the solitary thrush, singing alone amid the woods, in the deep quiet of noon-tide. . . . . "How true it is that this world is full of miracles, full of teachers, who are all inspired, and when the sweet season of Pentecost comes, in its green beauty, they speak as of old, with tongues of fire. Listen, then, to these voices, learn these psalms of life; let them instruct you in the dignity of labor and the duties of living; let them teach you by the serene, silent influence of beauty; let them steal gently into your hearts and shape your lives by their sweetness and by their sympathy—for these voices of life and nature are not given without a purpose, nor in vain; they are the angel-songs which are sung on earth and in the sky; they are the sacred oracles of heaven."

Let these words of Wellesley's Founder interpret to you the beauty that surrounds you here. These lovely vales and woodlands, Waban, lake of the spirit, the trees, the flowers, the stars were as essential to his plan for the highest education as were the laboratories or the library. He "would rather see the fountains of inspiration within the house closed than that the students should fail to drink of those beneath the open sky."

"This great book which we call nature is a beautiful story which has no ending; the pages unfold ever new mysteries; the loftiest genius finds information and instruction and inspiration there; the highest intellect comes there to learn. It gives you 'the thoughts which lie too deep for tears,' the sunshine and the glory which is brighter than the sun." These glowing words reveal Mr. Durant's eloquent persuasiveness, —his lofty ideality,—the deep and reverent spirit of his thinking.

In these years of swiftly increasing fame and fortune he was liberal to the poor, gentle and thoughtful of others, devoted to his own, honoring and serving the institutions of religion, but not as yet professing personal consecration to Christ. Suddenly in the summer of 1863, came the shock and suffering which transformed all his future,—the bereavement of the beloved only son. "In the throes of that mighty sorrow, his soul was born again." Thenceforth, with an absolute and fervent self-surrender, determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, he gave his life to the service of the Master whom he supremely loved. Believing, as he said, that "the law and the Gospel were diametrically opposed," he abandoned at once the legal profession, unheeding the urgent assurance of great and lasting fame, although the press was already naming him as the successor of Webster and Choate. The siren appeal of ambition met no response, for he was listening eagerly and intently to the voice of Christ. It would have been impossible that he should not

have brought to others the message which he heard; and in the years that followed he became a lay preacher, "a minister of God, who was a flaming fire." He held meetings in many parts of New England, throwing himself into the work with the intensity of his fervent nature, pouring out his heart to his hearers, and winning many souls to Christ. "In these services," says one who was associated with him, "he seemed more like an angel than a man." "He made people believe that he really valued their souls; he met them on a level of human brotherhood. He was seen with his arms around the neck of a rough man, begging him to come to Christ. He wrote respectful words of sympathy to a poor, ignorant cripple, and Henry Wilson,—afterward Vice-president of the United States,—whom his preaching brought to Christ, shared his ministry with the timid, young country girl, to whom he seemed a heavenly messenger as he said solemnly, "This is God's truth."

In the meantime, Mr. Durant was seeking other ways of spending his life and his fortune in devotion to his Master. In the very year of his surrender to Christ, he said to Mrs. Durant,—"Wouldn't you like to consecrate these Wellesley grounds, —this place which would have been Harry's,—to some special work for God?" Instantly came her glad assent. In her young girlhood "by a distinct act of dedication" she had given herself to God and all that life brought her she held in sacred trust for Him. From that moment the two were one in thought, in labor, in sacrifice for this holy purpose. What tenderness of love and gratitude wells up within our hearts as we think of her who is, in the truest, noblest sense, our Alma Mater.

Gradually the plan developed,—first for a school and near it an orphanage, which might both save needy little children and supply the students with a laboratory of lovingkindness,—then for a seminary, and finally for a college "for the glory of God and the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, in and by the education and culture of women."

When in 1871 Mr. and Mrs. Durant beneath the oaks of Wellesley laid the cornerstone of the College, sealed within it were the words:—"This building is humbly dedicated to our Heavenly Father with the hope and prayer that He may always be first in everything in this institution; that His word may be faithfully taught here; and that He will use it as a means of leading precious souls to the Lord Jesus Christ." On sacred foundations stands our College Beautiful.

The demand which the prejudice of the time made upon faith and courage and patience we can little realize in the comparative enlightenment of to-day. "Such an institution will not be needed for a hundred years," was a remark which greeted the new College. The Turkish conception of woman's place in society still prevailed. The Dean of Chichester declared higher education for girls both "inexpedient and immodest." Even in Boston anxious parents took alarm, agitated by their physicians' warnings, that hospitals for the sick and insane would multiply if girls went to college. The future of the race seemed imperilled. Everywhere there was, as Colonel Higginson has told us, excited discussion on the theme, "Shall girls learn the alphabet?" Through all these clouds of doubt and dullness Mr. Durant not only saw clearly the right of higher training for women and its need for the sake of the nation and the kingdom of God, but also with the vision of a seer he discerned the future's demand for a larger learning than any college had yet provided. "American scholarship," he said, "it does not exist! What has our country yet done for learning in comparison with the lands across the sea? But we need it. And you, girls, must help to build it up." With that genius for rightful persuasion which used to win his cases at court, he once convinced fifty girls who, like Mrs. Browning, had felt themselves "unworthy after gods and Greeks to drink," that they must explore "the morning land of languages" and find its refreshing springs, and to nearly everyone Greek became a favorite study, and to some a life-pursuit. But with all his ardent devotion to the classics, his mind was too broad to ignore that which he called "the glorious new learning of our time," and he at once gave science a place in the curriculum more prominent and effective than it had occupied in any college in the country. While Harvard University was still using the text-book method, Mr. Durant was equipping Wellesley with student labora-

tories in physics and chemistry, botany and biology, with extensive and expensive apparatus for independent research. Another generous plan was that of a great English department, in which our language might be studied in all its roots and branches, with every aid that the most advanced linguistic science could provide. By Mr. Durant's foresight Wellesley has been a pioneer also in placing the study of the Bible among the requirements for an academic degree. Few colleges have not now ardently followed Wellesley's example. To meet his purpose such study must be vitalized,—warm, life-giving, stimulating, to both mind and soul, searching the Scriptures "earnestly and fearlessly" not only as noble history and literature, but as the revelation of Divine Life to the world of men.

In the first six years,—the creative years,—he gave himself to the College and to the students. What vistas of research he would open to the timid young seeker for truth, until she seemed to stand on the border of an enchanted land, and then with what practical wisdom he would devise the way to the enjoyment of its delights! He never suffered our college days "to droop into a dull routine." Under the spell of his enthusiasm and his faith in us, we were eager with flying feet to hasten through paths of knowledge which to our unaided vision seemed as impossible to tread as the Milky Way. Those in whom he detected some budding genius, some creative power, he would stimulate to use the gift that was in them, pouring for them the nectar of the poets in whom he delighted. His fine and cherished library he surrendered to the College and fostered in us familiarity with its treasures; he gave us Music Hall. There is little in Wellesley life to-day which may not be traced to his wise and generous thought. From the girls of the first two classes he selected the groups to form Z. A., Phi S. and the Shakespeare Society, and art, musical, scientific and missionary societies as well. To them he proposed the first Tree Day,—the beginnings of Float Day. He chose the text and Scripture of Flower Sunday. The whole College was a Christian Association. Even Student Government may find an ancient origin in the meeting in 1876, when with his approval the classes of '79 and '80 solemnly decreed "a perpetual law" of honor for the College.

Scholarship, to endure his testing, must be thorough, genuine, sincere. The shoddy or dishonest in intellectual culture he could not tolerate. Indeed, he never suffered fools gladly. "Dolls and drones" were equally unwelcome. Over immature and unprepared applicants he would exclaim with fine impatience, "Light weight! Light weight! Let us throw them all down the dust-shaft." "Be reformers," he said to us, "against the lies and frauds of easy, slip-shod, smattering so-called education."

As another essential of the higher learning, he would have us preach and practice "the new evangel of health, a religious duty." For this end he described to us pleasant walks, filled Lake Waban with valiant crews, each with its bright uniform and merry song, imported lawn tennis from England, required of each an hour a day in the open air. "I want a gymnastic teacher," he said, "who will fill the girls with a perfect enthusiasm for health." All this is a matter of course to-day, but then pallor gave a touching charm to beauty, and to be robust was not everywhere considered ladylike. "This wonderful human frame," he writes, "God calls the temple of the Holy Ghost and the physical ideal of womanhood is a noble, beautiful form, healthful, vigorous, graceful, not pretty, not a confused compound of vanity, sentimentality and shams. Remember while you live that the most beautiful woman is the one through whose face shines the pure, noble soul, the educated intellect, the brave, true, unselfish, unsullied radiance of lofty purpose."

The possession of knowledge was to him not an end, but simply a noble means. In his thought another essential of culture was its power to be of use. He believed that the end of education is character and the test of character is service. "All beauty," he said, "is the flower of use. Make war against the old sham notion that women are to be trained only in accomplishments, to shine outwardly, not to be filled with inner light. That has been for centuries the ideal in old Circassia. Let us have education with a purpose, for a purpose." The new movement never meant to him simply the opening of doors of profound learning to women. "I be-

lieve," he wrote, "that God's hand is in it, that it is one of the great ocean currents of Christian civilization, that He is calling womanhood to come up higher, to prepare itself for great conflicts, for vast reforms in social life, for noblest usefulness. The higher education is but the putting on of God's armor for the contest." To the students came his fervent words—"To save souls, to uplift humanity, that is going to lift you from a commonplace life to a supernatural one. And this world is going to be saved by the higher education of women,—by lifting them from pettiness and frivolity to purity and unselfishness."

Three unique features of the new College which were specially valued by Mr. and Mrs. Durant have disappeared in the complications of these later days. It is fitting for us in an hour like this to recall them, in the belief that, though the form has gone, the essence remains.

The first was a system of domestic work, by which each student daily contributed an hour of service to the household good; its purposes were to emphasize the dignity of labor, and the spirit of democracy which is a part of every true college, to bring the new education within the reach of the "girl in calico," as well as the "girl in velvet," and, above all, to foster in the scholar that outgoing spirit which seeks "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

In the early days also each student went from the daily morning chapel service to a brief group meeting for devotional Bible study, each section under the leadership of a member of the Faculty, who also on Sabbath evenings gathered her little company about her for a more intimate service of prayer. Thus the whole College, Faculty and students, was bound together by the most sacred ties. A precious and vital part of student life is that fellowship with noble teachers whose memory is always a well-spring within the heart. Mr. Durant secured to us this privilege on the highest plane and for the noblest ends. In the college world of to-day such fellowship has become an elective; but, like mercy, it blesses those that give and those that take.

The third feature which Mr. Durant's wisdom provided was the morning and evening silent time which each student must spend alone that she might find herself and those influences which refresh the spirit like rain upon the thirsty land. For the problem of our present, restless, feverish life, of crowding "student activities" which threaten the serene atmosphere of true scholarship and true living, is there not a solution here?

Another essential of Mr. Durant's design was the symmetry of education. "The length and the breadth and the height of it," like those of the heavenly city, should be equal. Hear his inspiring words:—

"The one great, true ideal of higher education which the noblest womanhood demands is the supreme development and the unfolding of every power and faculty,—of the kingly reason, the beautiful imagination, the sensitive emotional nature, the religious aspirations; the ideal of the highest learning in full harmony with the noblest soul, graced by every charm of culture, useful and beautiful because useful, feminine purity and delicacy and refinement giving their lustre and their power to the most absolute science, woman learned without infidelity, wise without conceit, the crowned queen of the world by right of that knowledge which is power and that beauty which is truth."

But the supreme essential of the Founder's great ideal stands forth in his words: "God must be first in everything in Wellesley College." In Mr. Durant's purpose every department of learning must center in Him,—the study of Nature which He has made, of the changeless laws of the universe which He has framed, of the thoughts and deeds of men, as well as of the revelation of His Word, for all truth finds its source and its glory in Him, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

"Education without religion," he said, "is like a rayless night without a star, a dead world without a sun. There is one great central truth which is our only hope. Without it the world is a vast channel of despair under a godless sky. Justification through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . . Strip it of all outward forms, take away all denominational distinctions, separate from it all human creeds and metaphysics and you have the religion that teaches—'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'

Gather around it all wisdom and all knowledge. Bring to it the light of all science and all truth. Study over it; pray over it; live in it; love in it; suffer for it. It grows brighter and more bright; it draws around it by divine attraction all truth, all love, all joy;—all that is great and noble and pure; all the sanctities of the Holiest of Holies; all the sweet charities of home; all suffering and chastening and living; all that is unselfish, and all that is beautiful and fair. It is the bending sky over all,—the everlasting arms beneath,—the victory that swallows up sin and death."

The scholarly mind, the noble character were in our Founder's ideal for us, but the outward form, beautiful but powerless, unless within dwelt the Divine Spirit. "There must be a personal sacrament," he said, "we must have God within our lives." In a letter to our first President, Mr. Durant wrote: "The Shekinah light must shine to the ends of the earth and the light-carriers must be Christian women. I could see the College in ashes, but I could not endure to see it send out only intellectual women without the radiance and the vitalizing power of the spirit of Christ." "I would rather empty this house and lock these doors than that Christ should not be first in everything here."

Just before Mr. Durant went away from us, he said to one of the students:

"There's a sermon that I have been wanting to preach to the girls on a text that I've been studying for two or three years, and now I'm going to preach it to you. 'As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you.' It means that He sends you into the world for the same purpose that He sent Christ,—with something of the same powers,—with the same sure certainty of success,—and with the same deep sympathy in the Father's heart, my child."

When Mr. Durant's life was drawing to a swift close, his last sacred message was brought to Wellesley's students:—"Work for one another and try to lead souls to God. Christ first in all things and always."

" 'Christ first, my children!' O, thou star-like spirit,
Gone with thy kindred stars to shine and burn,
May we who now thy life and love inherit
Thy deepest lesson learn.
Christ first and last; His will our quenchless glory,
His mission ours, His service for our throne,
Why doubt we of our day's unfinished story?
'Tis written in His own."

These, then, are the ideals which the Founder has given us. This is the meaning of Wellesley College.

LOUISE M. NORTH, '79.

THE AIMS AND METHODS OF COLLEGE EDUCATION.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ANNA J. MCKEAG OF WILSON COLLEGE.

Pierre Abelard, exiled from Paris, lecturing on philosophy and theology at the door of his hut at Mont St. Genevieve to a motley throng of men and boys, little realized that he was initiating a movement of which the colleges and universities of Europe and America are the result. "Cities and castles," says an old writer, "were deserted for this Thebaid of science. Tents were set up; and walls, covered with moss, rose to shelter the numerous disciples who slept on the grass and nourished themselves with rustic dishes and coarse bread." Such was the first college; a great and inspiring teacher and an eager group of learners, and out of such simple beginnings have grown our higher institutions of to-day with their complexity of organization and of administrative machinery.

Here and there may be found those who seriously question whether, despite all the brick and mortar, all the technicalities of admission, all the red tape of administration, the results attained in collegiate and university education during the seven centuries since Abelard justify the expenditure of effort that has been made. Especially in the last five years has this spirit of critical analysis and academic heart-searching been rife. From both within and without college walls it has come. Many a self-made business man, contrasting the comparative leisure of the young collegians with his own hard, early years, asks, "Why this waste?" Or, viewing the uneconomic use of the college plant, he points out to educational institutions the need of scientific management by efficiency experts. At the same time, within the college, administrative officers and college faculties are taking stock of their academic liabilities and assets, are comparing their opportunities with their achievements, and the results are sometimes so disquieting as to justify the title which Dean Briggs of Harvard has given to one of his essays: "Old-fashioned Doubts Concerning New-fashioned Education."

In the words of President Foster, "The American college is on trial, and capital charges are preferred." The preparatory school asserts that the gates of admission to the college are too narrow and too inconveniently located; the professional school deplores the time spent in college upon subjects remote from the vocational destiny of students; alumni, as at Amherst, viewing with alarm the tendency of colleges to increase in numbers and to add professional schools,—sometimes at the expense of sound scholarship and thorough work,—demand a reconstruction of collegiate ideals and a return to the older disciplines; while, on the other hand, colleges are being everywhere arraigned on the ground that they ignore the student's ultmate career as a bread-winner. "The college is suffering from over-specialized men and women in its faculty, half-baked young Ph.D.'s devoid of the elements of general culture," say some; while others urge the importance of research on the part of instructors in order that intellectual ambitions may not die.

In this labyrinth of opinion how shall we orient ourselves? How shall we determine the truth when the wise men hold views so diametrically opposed?

It is, I believe, a good thing for those of us who have undertaken education as our business in life to pause occasionally and go back to first principles; to forget the minutiæ of our present complex collegiate organization and to ask ourselves, "What, after all, are we aiming at in Education? What is the essential thing of which the brick-and-mortar, the courses of study, the degrees, and the entire round of academic and non-academic activities are but outward symbols?"

We should all of us, probably, agree in believing that, in education, we are aiming primarily at some sort of modification or alteration in the individual students committed to our care. To use Thorndike's words, "Education means change." The student who is graduated from college with precisely the same ideals and the same attitudes with which she entered, can hardly be said to have been educated, no matter how many courses are recorded to her credit nor how many professional signatures are affixed to her diploma. The young woman who goes out absolutely untouched by college, her tastes the same, her horizon not at all widened, the

crude and trivial gossip of her native town still her deepest interest, has somehow absolutely missed the great and splendid opportunity which we call education. Such an one, in going to college, has literally "changed her skies, but not her mind."

One of the most obvious kinds of change which the college student should undergo is that of the widening of her range of information. Some of us are old-fashioned enough to believe that there is a stock of knowledge which should be the common property of educated men and women; that there are facts and names and allusions so deeply interwoven with our Anglo-Saxon civilization as to make ignorance of them a confession of lack of even elementary culture. There must be, then, what President Butler calls "a gradual adjustment to the spiritual possessions of the race." The student is entitled to this rich and full informational inheritance in the world of art and science and literature and human history.

Every student, having been "once admitted to the right of reason is, "to use Emerson's phrase, "made a freeman of the whole estate," and is "owner of the sphere

Of the seven stars and the solar year
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain."

There is, however, a second kind of modification or alteration which education ought to effect in students; the acquisition of a knowledge of the method or methods peculiar to one or more of the great divisions of human learning,—the scientific method, the historical method, the ability to philosophize, the method of literary criticism. To get one or two of these methods or attitudes is perhaps one of the essentials of a liberal education. President Hadley has pointed out the value of both information and method as parts of a college education and when he says, "The ideal college education seems to me to be one where a student learns things he is not going to use by methods that he is going to use. The former element gives the breadth, the latter element gives the training."

In addition to the giving of a wider range of information and the ability to use one or more of the great methods of approach to knowledge, a college education should develop in the student, in some degree at least, a love of learning. The college has not entirely fulfilled its purpose if the students go forth devoid of scholarly ambitions and intellectual enthusiasm. The awakening of intellectual tastes, of "many-sidedness of interest,"—to use the old Herbertian phrase, is a legitimate function of the college, and the possession of such tastes and interests is surely one of the greatest resources in the losses and shocks that subsequent life will bring to most of those who go out from college.

It is a source of reproach to us who are identified with colleges that so many of us could duplicate from our own observations the essential fact in the story of a group of six students, in an eastern university, met one night to review the Iliad for an approaching examination. Five of the six were members of highly cultured, college-bred families. The sixth was a self-made young fellow who had learned to read his Homer by the light of a campfire while serving as a guide in the Rocky Mountains, and yet he alone of the six showed any appreciation of the Iliad in literature.

Great, though, as are these changes and modifications of which we have been speaking,—the changes which education should effect,—there are yet higher aims. The moral and spiritual values in education transcend all others. That student has not greatly profited by four years at college who does not emerge from her alma mater with keener sympathies, with more delicate sensibilities, with a greater degree of self-control, with strengthened moral courage, with an intensified passion for social service, with a finer reverence, with a deepened religious experience. "The college," says President King, "should teach in the broadest way the fine art of living, should give the best preparation that organized education can give for entering wisely and unselfishly into the complex personal relations of life, and for furthering unselfishly and efficiently social progress." Or, to quote the classic definition given by Huxley of a liberal education:

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic

engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operation; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself. Such an one, and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature."

These seem to me to be the great aims of collegiate education,—the widening of the intellectual horizon, the acquisition of one or more of the great methods employed in the approach to knowledge, the awakening of love of learning, preparation for service as a member of society and a deepening of the religious sensibilities. I should like, very briefly, to point out what I conceive to be the bearing of these great aims upon the solution of three or four of the problems which constantly confront those who undertake the responsibilities of college administration.

First of all comes the vexed question of the method of admission to college. Amid all the discordant utterances on this subject, we must keep clearly in mind the fact that the college is for those who are able to profit by it, and that it represents a great privilege which is accessible only to a few. Only one child out of every ten completes even a high school course, and yet fewer enter college. It is right that these comparatively few should be a selected body of young people. It matters not so much whether admission be by certificate or by examination, whether tests be largely quantitative or largely qualitative in character; the essential thing is that we should admit to college only those who are fitted to do college work, in order that we may have a fairly homogeneous student body, so far as attainments and interests are concerned. In connection with this entire question of admission, it should be remembered that the success of a college is qualitative and not numerical. Better a Freshman class of fifty well-prepared, earnest students, than a class of one hundred ill-assorted young people, the majority of whom are not of college timber. As Mr. Flexner, that fearless critic of colleges, says, "Efficient teaching is utterly irreconcilable with numerical and commercial standards of success. . . . . A high standard is incompatible with acute sensitiveness to the reading of the trade barometer." This is why every college needs a solid and substantial endowment which shall make the institution entirely independent of temporary fluctuations in numbers.

Furthermore, if the great intellectual, social and spiritual aims which ought to dominate the policy of a college are kept clearly in mind, there will be a rational solution of many of the problems connected with the programmes of students and the arrangement and schedule of classes. The number of students assigned to one class will not be so large as to make impossible that vital and intimate contact between teacher and student which is so important to the development of intellectual tastes in the young learner; nor will classes be so small as to lack the stimulus that comes from comradeship with others in scholarly pursuits. When the average cost per student of instruction in one department is only thirty-one dollars, and in another, one hundred and seventy-eight dollars,—as reported by a large university recently,—the great diversity in expenditures may naturally be the subject of inquiry, though it is quite conceivable that the diversity may be justifiable. The programme of individuals, too, will be carefully surveyed, so that each student shall have a task large enough to demand continuous exertion, and yet not so great as to be impossible of execution. Moreover, in the interest of sound scholarship, college faculties must find some way out of the confusion which prevails in many colleges in connection with the elective system, and must manage to bring about what a recent writer calls "enforced co-ordination" of studies.

The persistent focusing of our vision upon the ultimate aims of collegiate education will lead us, moreover, to see clearly the necessity for the maintenance of a high standard of scholarship in our colleges. It is encouraging to see among college faculties, all over the country, a

widespread movement in the interest of a revival of learning among students. "Disce aut discede," the old motto at Winchester, is being enforced much more rigidly to-day in colleges than it was a generation ago. There is a growing conviction among college authorities that it is not good for any young person to spend four years in comparative idleness, especially at the period most important for the formation of character.

Even among students, that most cherished and most persistent of illusions,—that there is no correlation between diligence in college and success in after life,—is rapidly passing. A few more statistical tables, such as those given out by President Lowell of Harvard, in which he shows by a study of the records of the members of twenty classes in the Harvard Law School and sixteen classes in the Harvard Medical School that, for the most part, the students who have done well in these professional schools are those who have done well in college; or the similar study of the class of 1894 of Harvard, in which it was found that the twenty-three men most eminent in after life had a total of one hundred and fifty-six A's to their credit in college, while twenty-three men selected alphabetically had only fifty-six A's,—a few more statistical studies of this sort will dispel the illusion that collegiate habits have no bearing upon subsequent success.

The methods by which this standard of scholarship shall be maintained are so varied as to be impossible of classification or enumeration. There are those who believe that the interests of scholarship would be served by the introduction into academic pursuits of something of that spirit of competition which is so effective in intercollegiate athletics; but there are many who share the view recently expressed by the President of Dartmouth, that "it is difficult to clothe scholarship contests with a dramatic setting," since "the drama of scholarship must ever be a drama of the inner life which will never draw a cheering multitude nor light bonfires." Other methods must be used. One of these,—the scientific distribution of college credits—is already being put into practice in several universities and colleges. A more drastic method is that of the elimination of the persistently indolent. Arnold's famous deliverance, "It is not essential that Rugby shall be a school of three hundred or even of thirty, but it is essential that it be a school of gentlemen," strikes the right note in all cases where choice must be made between numbers and quality.

Certainly one of the most potent agencies by which colleges can fulfill the high aims which have called them into being is in seeing to it that students are put into contact with the right type of instructors. The college president who is reported to have said "I feel that I have earned my salary if I have made three good Faculty appointments each year," but emphasized the transcendent importance of the equipment and personality of college instructors as the greatest influence in determining the tone of the college life. The college that succeeds in securing for its Faculty men and women of intellectual enthusiasm that survives the routine of years of classroom work, able to kindle in younger minds a passion for learning,—men and women of clear and undistorted vision, viewing life in true perspective, sympathetic with youth, genuinely religious in temperament and experience,—the college that can gather together a Faculty of this kind is one of the greatest agencies for good to be found in all the world. The members of such a Faculty will not all be of exactly the same pattern. There will be those who care for research as well as those who are primarily interpreters rather than producers of knowledge. Teaching skill will, however, be required of all, and there will not be a superabundance of those whose horizon is the limited one of Grant Showerman's, Professor of Latin, who gave to Freshmen "not Virgil's lay and Livy's pictured page," but dissertations on "Consonontal Terminations in the Comedies of Terence," or "Prefixes in P in the Plays of Plautus." The strong teacher is often the dominant influence in the lives of young people. In that fine book, "Personal and Ideal Elements in Education," President King says, "whether in morals or in religion, we know but one royal road to the highest life,—through personal association with those who possess such a life as we ought to have, to whom we can look in admiration and love, and who give themselves unstintedly to us. . . . Whatever may be true in other parts of the educational system, the college teacher must

be one from whom the highest living can be readily caught. . . His highest qualification is character-begetting power—power to inspire men to do their best."

In yet another of the great problems of college life will persistent recollection of the great aims and purposes of education aid us in the formulation of policies and methods. I refer to the question of student life and student activities. We have passed through two stages in the development of present relations of the college to the student; the age of minute supervision and arbitrary government and control and the age of the laissez faire policy when college authorities tended to disclaim responsibility for the non-academic activities of students. We are, I believe, entering upon a third and more rational period, when we are beginning to see that self-control on the part of students can be gained only by the development of a sense of responsibility among students; and that rational choice is more educative than blind obedience. Hence we ought to welcome the growth of the best forms of student government and we should co-operate sympathetically with students in all efforts to place the non-academic activity of college life upon a more rational basis.

Policies and methods must needs change from generation to generation as colleges adjust themselves to an ever-changing social environment. Principles and ultimate aims, however, have the stability that belongs to the great laws of the moral and spiritual world. If, in the years to come, Wilson College shall be so fortunate as to be able to fulfill some of these aims we have discussed this morning, I shall count myself honored in having had the privilege of casting in my lot with the college.

ANNA J. MCKEAG,
(Formerly of Wellesley College.)

WELLESLEY BEGINNINGS: BARNSWALLOWS.

It was a '97 creation. In those days some girls never grew to care for College in the whole four years; it was dull to them. Quite a passion of desire to brighten life and to give buried talents a chance went into the conception, and we addressed a full and ardent plea in writing to the Trustees. We hoped the Society girls would put Barnswallows before the smaller organization; a few of them really did, from the very start. We so framed it that every girl in College could have a chance to use and show what was in her through Barnswallows, and no girl could be starred or overworked.

We began sheerly for lack of jollity and social chance in general non-society student life,—restricted to annual class histories, the Christian Association reception, Float, Tree Day and the Monday concerts and lectures. The Shakespeare Society play was the only one yet a custom, Commencement entertainment was thin and gray,—the Society parties were limited affairs. We saw the Idler idling at Radcliffe: why not an Everybody's Club here also? Suddenly we adjured the Trustees by Joy and Democracy to bless our charter, to be gay once a week, and when they gave the Olympic nod we begged for the Barn to be gay in—and they gave that, too.

It was a grim joy-parlor: rough old floor, posts bristly with splinters, few windows, no plank walk, no stage, no partitions, no lighting. We hung tin-reflectored lanterns on a few of the posts,—thicker near the stage end,—and opened the season with an impromptu opera of the Brontés. Kerosene smoke magnified the lights and dusky hollows, vast to our gym-cramped eyes,—the Cady girls sang gloriously in red velvet trousers, and from the dark of the audience rose dark Mrs. Irvine and in her dark voice gave us greeting. Dr. Wilcox was there, beaming, benign, his bald spot shining dimly; he had been one of our best advocates. Miss Pendleton was there, but she did not speak; she was "only a little sparrow," an instructor in Freshman Math. Miss Bates was no sparrow, but if she was there she failed to discern our future; for she, too, did not speak. Only Dr. Roberts, of those early goddesses, gave tongue at our beginning. Dr. Roberts named us. This should be inscribed on her tomb.

It was through Mrs. Palmer that to those that sat in darkness light was to

spring up and the pitted floor be smoothed for dancing. Mrs. Palmer's cordial "Now, my dear child," made it seem a natural Senior job to go to Mr. Hunnewell and Mr. Jordan and R. H. White and ask for checks for hardwood and electric wiring. And we got them! At the end of our first year our Herrn-Papa—and Frauen-Mamma Trustees were glad with us: the Barn had raised a floor, lights, stage and windows; and the Swallows had raised a large crop of Joy and Democracy.

MARY E. HASKELL, '97.
(First President of Barnswallows.)

THE LOCUST POINT COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

Baltimore has several active and enthusiastic social settlements, but only one College Settlement,—the one at Locust Point,—which was affiliated with the College Settlements Association in October, 1910.

Since its establishment in 1896,—as the Hull Street Settlement,—this settlement has struggled along in cramped quarters and with a limited number of workers. Each one of the small band of helpers, however, has been earnest and loyal, so that the settlement has always held its own and has quietly promoted the ideals of neighborly friendliness.

It is located on Locust Point, a long, narrow strip of land between two arms of the Chesapeake Bay. And although it is in the city of Baltimore, and only twenty minutes by electric car from the center of the city, its position forces on the people of the Point many of the problems of an isolated community and at the same time makes it imperative that they meet the various municipal problems of Baltimore.

The usual factories and other industries, employing largely cheap and unskilled labor, are numerous. Many of these offer very irregular employment.

About one mile beyond the settlement is the famous Fort McHenry, whose soldiers add a marked share to the social problems of the community.

Not far away from the settlement are the warehouses and freight yards of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the piers of the North German Lloyd, whose steamers bring large numbers of German and Hungarian immigrants to the Point. In fact, the people of this peninsula are said to be ninety per cent. of German descent, with a small proportion of Americans, Bohemians, Poles and Irish, all crowded into small houses in this congested district. In the line of recreation, especially during the winter, when the one playground must be closed, the problems of Locust Point are extremely serious. As Miss Gordon says in her report, "Two moving-picture shows, one large German dance-hall and two Hungarian dance-halls, all connected with saloons, represent the organized commercial forms of amusement."

To meet these social conditions and to cope with the tremendous industrial pressure, the Baltimore Settlement is carrying on patient and ceaseless neighborhood work under the loyal leadership of Miss Leary, the headworker, and her associate, Miss Finley.

During the first year of its existence as a College Settlement, it was most fortunate in having Miss Geraldine Gordon, Wellesley, '99, as one of the resident workers.

Furthermore, the settlement is to be congratulated that Dr. Hans Froelicher, Professor of German at Goucher College, is the President of the Board of Directors. Both Dr. and Mrs. Froelicher—she is the acting chairman of the Executive Committee—are giving splendid and devoted service to this newest chapter of the College Settlements Association.

In addition to the cordial support which Goucher College gives the settlement, one must mention the hearty co-operation of other Baltimore institutions. The Maryland Art Institute has some enthusiastic representatives who have formed classes in pottery and modeling. The Peabody Conservatory of Music has given scholarships to three of the settlement girls.

Through the patriotic interest of the Mordecai first chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the kindergarten, with its two trained teachers, has done unusual work for these children of foreign-born parents. The Woman's Club

co-operates with the Home Garden Committee and magically transforms some of the deserted and unsightly places of the peninsula.

There are, of course, many clubs and classes; clubs for the women, for the girls and for the boys, and classes in folk-dancing, in sewing, millinery and cooking. The English class for foreigners, composed of Russians and Germans, has been especially interesting this winter, and has been most ably conducted by one of the resident workers.

The friends of the settlement believe there was never a more hopeful time for the Baltimore Chapter. With the new responsibilities as a part of the College Settlements Association, and with the inspiration which this membership insures, the resident members look forward to fulfilling their desire "to live among their neighbors in friendliness and usefulness."

AGNES L. BACON, '97.

IN MEMORIAM: MRS. NEWMAN.

To how many was a visit at Wellesley incomplete without at least a chat with Mrs. Newman! Her quick step in the hall, her greeting,—so genuine and spontaneous,—and a few moments in her living room,—so reflective of her loves and tastes,—and we were conscious of that same atmosphere which made Norumbega such an attractive abiding place. Perhaps as students we did not fully realize the value of her influence as the years have taught us to appreciate it. "Norumbega family"—does not that expression indicate something of her touch on our college life? She was essentially a home maker; no community life could be cold and stiff enough to resist her. She believed thoroughly that a group of students should and could be a household unit. She announced no theory, she formulated no plans; but she lived as though "at home," and she succeeded in creating that homelike atmosphere which welded each successive household group into a family.

As one thinks of her, what countless incidents come to mind of her ready sympathy, overflowing generosity, unbounded hospitality; and of her resourcefulness, her splendid common sense, her criticisms, so frank and above board, her good advice, and the even balance she could hold, when, true to the administration, she could yet be so fair to us in our critical moods. How many shy girls she encouraged! How many lonely ones she sought out! To how many she gently broke sad news!

Many of us grieve not only for the Mrs. Newman of college days, but for her to whom in all after years we could ever turn for appreciation and sympathy. How we shall miss her! But how thankful we are it was she who was prevailed upon to open the first cottage on the Hill. We cherish her memory, and our store of Wellesley treasure is enriched by the record of her years of splendid service.

ANNA PALEN, '88.

Love and gratitude are not measured by years, and we, the younger Norumbega daughters, want to bring, too, our wreath of affection and appreciation. Though we traveled only a little way along "the road of life" with Mrs. Newman, we had a companionship with her that some who knew her in the earlier years could not have had.

From the mountain top of life she gave us young pilgrims a great ideal and though we cannot meet her in the Norumbega halls, as the years go by, we can have her companionship always, making life more sweet and helping us so to live that when our eventide, too, shall come, it shall be bright.

Often before the fire in her sitting-room or out under the oaks beside her flowers, she would speak to us of the higher things of life. She urged us ever to keep the child-like faith, untroubled by higher criticism and modern views, a faith so simple and so strong that it can overcome even unto the end. She set before us an ideal of life greater and purer than the mere absorbing of knowledge and the wild rushing into the activities of the world, the ideal of home life. She transformed the offtimes cold dormitory life

into the warm natural almosphere of the home.

Frequently in the busy college life, the quiet, thoughtful acts seem forgotten and studies and sports seem all important. Not so in Norumbega. Mrs. Newman was never too busy to leave unheeded the little things that go to make up "home life." The flowers on the tables, the little hand-painted cards at the places on special occasions, the cup of afternoon tea for some parent or guest, the pop-corn and the story before the fire when heads were tired with examinations, the warm bed for a stray pussy and the nuts for the squirrels,—by all these things Mrs. Newman made Norumbega "home." Somehow, almost unconsciously in her presence, one spoke more softly and thought more gently.

There are some pleasures in life that are very changing and that cannot last as the years go by. Mrs. Newman showed us how to find joys that cannot pass away. Many a Norumbega girl has grown to love flowers more tenderly because Mrs. Newman loved them so. We cannot ever forget the joy of the first snowdrop each spring and there are many who will long remember the little red rose that brightened the breakfast table on dark winter mornings.

Mrs. Newman guided us to the best in literature and art and not a few of us spent many a quiet hour watching her illuminate some book or Easter card. She taught us the lesson of the joy of being busy!

And then her deepest joy was ever in her friends,—she was never too tired nor too busy to welcome a friend and she delighted in telling us of friends far distant.

All who have known and loved her in Norumbega through the years, have learned of her these matchless guides to a happy life; but as the evening shadows gathered around her and as the sorrows seemed almost too heavy to bear, we, her younger daughters, saw even more of the triumphant beauty of her life.

In the fear of God and in the love of her friends she made the end of her road as bright as she had made it all along the way.

When all hearts in Norumbega were very sad, all went to Mrs. Newman for comfort and when her last great sorrow came she thought first of others and through her shadows she made the sun shine for others. She proved her faith triumphant, she made the eventide very bright.

"Far off, I know, the darkness shall be light
For him who scorneth to make terms with fate;
Far off for thee, Beloved, there must wait
The answered question, and the finished fight."

BOOK REVIEW.

"The Heart of a Boy," (Cuore), by Edmondo de Amicis. Translated from the Italian and abridged by Sophie Jewett. Canterbury Classics—Rand, McNally & Company.

To-day, as educators are looking to Italy for new methods, it is interesting to welcome this latest translation of Edmondo de Amicis' "Cuore." For many years this journal of an Italian schoolboy has been one of Italy's best loved books. It has passed through three hundred editions and has found several translators. Though the years have brought many changes in school life, though Montessori has planned new and better ways for the little ones of "the lower first;" yet the hearts of boys remain unchanged. Enrico and Garrone and Garoffi may still be found and the words of the boy-lover De Amicis are as poignant as ever. In an Italian mission in the North End of Boston "Cuore" is one of the favorite books. But it does not need an Italian heart to appreciate the charm of this boy's journal. Of course, there is much in it that belongs peculiarly to Italy; we with our more matter-of-fact point of view, cannot always enter into its passionate spirit. Our boys feel as deeply, but they hide their emotions under the hardy Anglo-Saxon cloak of restraint and our code of honesty sometimes clashes with the Latin principles of courtesy and tenderness. Yet beneath the fashions and

the manners there is "The heart of a boy" and to the hearts of boys everywhere De Amicis has a message of high patriotism and true democracy.

But this message written in the melodious Italian has been sealed to most American boys and even the scholarly translation by Miss Isabel Hapgood may be considered by many as not adapted to the use of schoolboys. Miss Hapgood has given a translation of the complete journal. For many reasons there is always a great advantage in having a full translation,—especially is this true for students of the higher grades. In "Cuore," readers of maturer thought and broader experience enjoy the letters written by the schoolboy's parents; but it is questionable whether they would appeal to the average American school child. The same criticism may be made, too, of certain other passages in the book, places where the intense emotional spirit of the Italians could hardly be understood by an Anglo-Saxon child.

But in the translation by Miss Jewett all these difficulties are avoided. Miss Jewett understood and loved the hearts of boys just as truly as did De Amicis. She was their friend in Italy as well as in her own land. She sought out the little Italians in the crowded streets of Boston, and many were the letters that came to her scribbled by boyish hands and phrased in a quaint mixture of English and Italian. In the opening words of the introduction Miss Jewett expresses most beautifully the spirit in which she translated De Amicis' work: "Because I am indebted for many pleasures to the boys of Italy; because their faces and their voices will always come back to me when I remember the sunny city squares, the olive orchards, and the mountain paths where I talked with them, I am glad to show my gratitude by introducing a few of these far-away friends to their American brothers." A boy would be immediately attracted by the title chosen by Miss Jewett,—"The Heart of a Boy,"—the Italian title consists of the one word "Cuore," meaning "heart," but to our boys unfamiliar with De Amicis it would have no significance; but Miss Jewett's title and her words of introduction make the Italians seem like brothers at once. In language that any child can understand and yet so beautiful that even a stranger would know its author was a poet, Miss Jewett has told of the boys she herself has known in far-away Italy: the irresistible little beggars, "the pale, whining one who is as hard to get rid of as a mosquito" and the merry little rogue who declares with a laugh, "Signora, I am dying of hunger,"—these become our friends, too, and the little guides who never seem to grow weary nor give up hope of gaining an extra soldo. Through her sympathetic eyes we look at the little lad toiling all day in the dingy weaver's shop, and we fancy we almost see the pastorello sleeping "in the little shepherd's hut with some of the mother sheep and baby lambs." With her we enter a large public school in Rome and meet the same sort of lads De Amicis knew. And we understand why the boy's journal is so full of patriotism. "In the tenderness and passion of her sympathy, which was as wide as deep," Miss Jewett so entered into the lives of the boys she met as she "kept holiday" in Italy, that when one has finished reading the introduction one seems to have made new boy friends, and it is very natural, then, to read the journal written once by one of these Italian boys.

Those who did not know, would never think of "The Heart of a Boy" as a translation. Miss Jewett has rendered the Italian into such smooth and beautiful English, that there is no trace of the want so often felt in translations, that indescribable sense of lack in warmth of expression. Miss Jewett was such a student of both languages that in translating she lost nothing of the beauty of the original.

Though De Amicis and Miss Jewett never saw in published form this latest translation of "Cuore," there will be many who, when they, too, pass on "into the world of light" will want to give their tribute of thanks to him who understood the nobleness of a boy's heart, and to her who drew the boys of two lands closer together through her scholarship and through her love.

A word must be added about the editing of the book. Professor Katharine Lee Bates, the general editor of the Canterbury Classics, has written the biographical sketch of Edmondo de Amicis and by little touches she has brought out very strongly the qualities of friendliness and generosity which he possessed that made it possible

for him to be the author of "Cuore." General readers and teachers will find much help in the reading list, the notes, and the pronouncing vocabulary. Children and older folk will take great delight in the photographs which were taken by Miss Jewett and her sister in Italy.

KATHARINE STANLEY HALL, 1909.

COULD I FORGET.

Could I forget,—here, where all fair, green things
Are springing forth in new ecstatic birth
From out the mystic, girding heart of earth;
Where as of old, the swirl of growing wings,
So hourly now, a fuller gladness brings;
Where wavelets, breaking into new-born worth,
Lap our blue-girded shores with silvery mirth,
Till all my being, for their beauty, sings.

Forget? Nay, I remember joy and tears,
The sweetness of swift laughters that are past,
And all our wondrous treasure-trove of dreams.
I feel again the pulsing of the years,
I live each moment dearer than the last,
For me once more each star-like memory gleams.

DOROTHEA LAWRANCE MANN, 1909.

Wellesley, July, 1911.

OF GARDENS.

THERE are many people that love gardens, more that like them, and few that hate them; yet the number of true gardens in the world is comparatively small. The first reason for this is that young people, though they be fond of bright flowers, straight hedges and clipped trees, never take the time nor the trouble to directly oversee the garden, and although they may strictly charge the gardener to see that the flower plot is well arranged and the lawn smooth, they seldom put any of their own personality into the work, and thus rob the garden of its greatest charm. But as people grow older they take more true interest in their flowers and the way of arranging them. It is our grandmothers and grandfathers, our maiden aunts and bachelor uncles who really love their gardens. But they who have retired a little out of active life often do not know how best to express their personalities through their flowers, and have not the means at hand of finding out just what is appropriate to their several states and tastes. And it is for them that these thoughts are written down.

If our lover of his garden-plot be a bachelor, the general style of his garden is easy to recommend; he must have a formal garden. A man who has lived his life untroubled by the foibles of a woman, or the mischief of little children, has a settled routine that would be both difficult and disagreeable to break down. And to such a nature a riot of flowers would hardly be acceptable. He must make a careful selection of the trees and flowers with which to clothe his terraces (for, if possible, a formal garden should also be a terraced garden). As for the trees,—fir, spruce, pine, hemlock, juniper and cypress are adapted for a bachelor's lawn. But firs are particularly desirable. They not only lend themselves readily to the hand of the gardener, and are graceful when clipped into regular shape, but are useful as well. A man who lives alone, lingers long over his dinner table, and this practice often brings about night-mare, but if the sufferer will cut a branch of fir and lay it across the foot of his bed, he will find immediate relief.

Although I do recommend a formal garden with carefully trained trees to a bachelor garden-maker, yet I do beg and implore him not to torture his trees into unnatural and outlandish shapes. I once saw in a certain gentleman's garden, a green dragon, which should have been a hemlock tree, and a row of firs trimmed into a hideous shape that reminded me of a stiff string of flat green beads. This man was not a true lover of his garden. He should have remembered that there is a limit to the province of the pruning shears.

But there must be flowers, even in a formal garden, and I would advise the bachelor to use box (even though it be rare now-a-days) as a border for every bed. Stars, circles, squares of box, each having a center bright with dahlias or geraniums, are exactly suited to a man of precise, but artistic taste. Such a man (though married) was George Washington, and when I looked on the smoothly-clipped borders of box in Martha Washington's garden at Mount Vernon, I wondered which had more to do with them, Madame Washington or her husband. But,—to return to the subject of the bachelor's flowers,—one ancient seer has written, "The flowers of the middle summer for the man of middle age," and as these are admirable for formal beds, I agree with him. Fringed gentians should have a permanent place among the midsummer flowers, for they will foretell a bright and peaceful autumn for our bachelor garden maker.

Although the garden of a single man has for its keynote formality, that does not seem a fitting chord to strike in the garden of a single woman. A spinster, who necessarily has no children to occupy her thoughts, must have something else, and oft-times flowers will satisfy her craving. Not stiff, prim, formal flowers, as might perhaps be expected from what I, at least, know of my sundry maiden aunts, but glorious, beautiful, striking flowers, waving hollyhocks, lovely roses, yellow marigold and tall lilies; and if some particular spinster should wish for further companionship in birds, there are flowers that will bring two of them, at least, to her garden. Some say that cowslips attract the nightingale, but I have found that he sings sweetest when his favorite of the old legend, the rose, is in bloom. If the spinster will win the companionship of that

cheery, useful little bird, the woodpecker, she must have peonies in her garden, white and pink and red, and he will never forsake her. But should she pluck one of the perfect flowers in his presence, he will fly at her and peck her eyes out.

In the choice of flowers for her garden, the spinster has a wealth of fragrant bloom, suited to her tastes, from which to make her selection. But, if she has any hope of future marriage, she must not have lilacs in her garden, lest in a moment of forgetfulness, she put them at her belt or in her hair, for she who wears lilacs will never wed. But if the lady of the garden is single because of faithful, unchanging, but hopeless love, the amaranth will be a fragrant expression of her thoughts, as well as an addition to her flower bed.

Perhaps some spinster may have a pond in her garden, (and a fair sheet of water is a beautiful ornament for a smooth lawn). If so she must plant water-lilies there, for the lovely white blossoms, that first grew far up in the mountains on the Lake of the Clustered Stars, will bring her the peace and tranquillity of their first home.

There must be trees in her garden also, and they too must be of the garden: a willow, if the owner likes; some maples, and a sweeping elm; but without fail, in this garden of sunshine and bloom, there must be a silver birch, that shall rise from the center of the garden, giving grateful shade, while it sings soft, happy, quavering little songs in every breeze,—a graceful, drooping, green and white fairy of a tree,—that would be the incarnation of this garden.

There is every reason why the gardens of the bachelor and spinster should be beautiful if they chose to make them so, but I believe that the garden of a grandfather and grandmother may be still more beautiful. They have a certain joy in the young life around them that invokes the sweetest spirits of the flowers; they have a certain happiness that is in the world yet not of it, which yearns for the ethereal beauty of a garden. The home of their flowers will be filled with recollections of the past and visions of the beyond. To typify the thoughts of the past, there is the primrose, a sweet retiring plant which speaks of lovers' doubts and fears and pleasures, too; but dreams of the future can only be represented by the calm faces and trusting eyes of grandfather and grandmother.

In this garden the flower de luce may justly grow, the emblem of faith, valour, and wisdom. But there are so many blossoms that will appeal to grandfather and grandmother for personal reasons, for the associations which cling to them, that in the selection of most of their flowers no one can give advice. That is an affair for each individual heart to decide.

Somewhere, however, in grandfather's and grandmother's garden, there should be set aside a plot for the grandchildren who come to the old home. Plant mallows there, for the beauty of their soft pink blossoms, and for the little "cheeses" which they bear, and which children love; and because they, the favorite flowers of Mohamet, will protect their friends from all harm. But even if the children,—attracted by the quaint flowers,—wish to have monk's-hood in their garden, let their elders beware, for it is a plant dedicated to Hecate, full of black magic,—a plant to avoid. Rather put sweet-william, which speaks of truth; four-o'clocks, which counsel obedience; pansies, which have beautiful thoughts, in the way of the young. And if the grandparents want the children to love the garden, and wish them to stay long at the old home, they should plant tulips in the children's plot. In these flowers the pixies find a rocking cradle. There they lull themselves to sleep at night. In the daytime, these sprites make gentle companions for small boys and girls, with whom they will play for hours together, and into whose minds they will instill pretty, loving notions, which perhaps they learned from the bright hearts of the tulips.

But after all, the garden truly belongs only to grandfather and grandmother, and for them the hawthorne, symbol of content, blossoms in the hedge; for them the sturdy oak trees flourish,—the emblems of a happy life,—trees that raise their heads far above the rest of the garden as if they, as surely as the man and woman in whose garden they stand, have a vision of the beyond.

If the readers of this brief paper find in it any suggestions that they may apply to their own cases, I shall be happy; and if they have or are about to have a garden, they, too, will be happy, since there is for

all human beings a joy in growing, blossoming things which passes understanding; a reminiscent joy which has been with us ever since our first parents left the Garden of Eden; a romantic joy, such as the Hanging Gardens in Babylon must have given to the queen for whom Nebuchadnezzar built them; an hilarious joy, such as the Roman Emperors had in their lovely villas upon the Italian lakes; and yet, best of all, a sad, solemn joy which has clung to the thoughts of a garden ever since Christ spent a night of prayer in Gethsemane. All these joys, flowers, trees,—a garden,—will give, if they are but loved and tended.

FAITH M. WILLIAMS, 1915.

THE LOVER TO HIS LUTE.

(Awarded first prize in poem contest.)

I would make a song for my Beloved,
A very simple little song,
That she may sing it when the way is long.
It must be merry, then, to cheer her,
And yet a little sad,
A little filled with yearning to be near her,
That she may know how grave a thing my
love is, and be glad.

ELIZABETH R. HIRSH, 1914.

THE JUDGMENT DAY

(A SKETCH IN ONE ACT.)

Characters { *Maurya*, a young girl. *Simon*, her father. *Michael*, a young man. *Andrew*, his father.

Scene: A woody hilltop in Ireland.

Time: Late afternoon.

Maurya: Father, we should have brought old Rosa. It's keening she'll be this night without us.

Simon: The elect it is, must push on to the mountain. One shall be left, another taken.

Maurya: Stiff and lame she is. But it's not right to leave a poor, lame thing behind because she couldn't climb to the high places.

Simon: She had no grace of spirit, and the time was short. And now you're casting back like Lot's wife, I'm fearing.

Maurya: No. But it's sure—sure you are, this is the judgment day?

Simon (emphatically): The day of doom, has been foretold in scriptures.

Maurya: Yesterday was the day you said, and fooled us all.

Simon: It's sure we are this time—that this is the day foretold by ancient seers and wise men for the end of the world. All the stones of the Pyramids and the writings in the sacred books—

Maurya: It's tired I am, waiting cold and lonesome. I'd liefer sometimes not go to glory.

Simon: It's not long we'll have to wait. Andrew and Michael will be coming soon.

(The sound of a man's singing.)

Maurya: H-sss-t. It's them.

(Enter Michael.)

Simon: And your father, might he be coming?

Michael: Father's emptying his pockets below, and not counting on a likely slip this day. A beggar's rabble is at his heels as 'll jeer him 'fore his back is turned.

Simon: It's little use we'll have for money this day, that 'll soon be wearing golden crowns with jewels for every shilling spent.

Maurya: Sh-h-h, father! You said the like yesterday and the end isn't yet

Simon: One false step and you've no faith in me—scoffers like those down there. (Motioning toward the village.)

Michael (laughing): There's sure faith in my da that's coming, the way his pocket's cold of his last copper.

Simon: He'll be wandering from the way, without me there to meet him. (Simon goes out.)

Maurya: How is it you're thinking we'll be lifted up this day?

Michael: O, maybe in a chariot with silver-footed horses flying into the heart of the sun over a bloody sea; or—

Maurya (mockingly): You! that knows so much.

Michael: It's uncanny seeing eyes, I've got sometimes.

Maurya: And to-day you'll be making an end of the world!

Michael: Faith, and we will.

Maurya: Let's have a bite together first. You'll break fast before the end I'm thinking? (She begins to set forth some provisions.)

Michael: Since it's you that asks it—so pretty.

Maurya: I'm thinking as how you'll soon grow weary sitting on an alabaster throne, counting the sets in your crown and cursing them as has more.

Michael: Faith, and there'll be no cursing there; but singing and harping and the blessed saints treading the golden streets.

Maurya: I'd liefer have a crackling peat fire than the gates ajar to glory, the way I'm freezing on the furze this bitter while.

Michael: What things you're saying—and you the daughter of your da.

Maurya: I'd liefer dwell in the glen with father and Rosa and the dogs, than be snatched up here to face the judgment seat, and me but a slip of a girl with no taste of life at all.

Michael: That's an awful thing you're saying after your father's holy teaching.

Maurya: I've no mind for the end of this poor, old world.

Michael: Even if—

Maurya: What if it didn't come to-day, Michael—and there wasn't any doomsday after all? It's near sundown now.

Michael (looking around): The wood feels as still as a church. At sundown, he said. And yet,—your father's learning wouldn't be for nothing.

Maurya: Pshaw, and if it doesn't come,—isn't this a fine world after all?

Michael: It's time t'was coming.

Maurya: The sun's going—

Michael: So sad and lonesome.

Maurya: Hear the phœbes calling.

Michael: They're mating early.

Maurya: Or is it after being a world, always of sleep and dusty shrouds, Michael?

Michael: No—It'd not be that way—if you and me were comrades wandering on the hills, the like we used to.

Maurya: But you'd be always thinking on the day of doom and floating in the skies.

Michael: There's the old thatched hut on the gorse hillside.

Maurya: The sun's dipped behind the world.

Michael: You used to like it, Maurya.

Maurya: And I do yet—better than catching our death on a windy hill. It isn't a bad world, Michael, if you've found your comrade? Let's sing and remind our das they're still on earth. (They sing.)

SONG.

The sun it riseth higher, higher,
Flooding all sea and earth with fire,
The day of doom draws nigher, nigher.

The sun it dippeth lower, lower,
Bathing the ocean's western floor;
The days of dream glide slower, slower.

(Enter the old men, Simon and Andrew.)

Maurya: Come and eat. It's little time we'll have to hurry down before the fogs come creeping on the hills.

Simon: No haste, is there? The night's before us on the mountain.

Michael: The hour's past, the end was coming. You said 'fore sundown.

Simon: The hour fooled me again. But mark my words, young fellow, this night before the curfew the holy saints in a fiery pillar 'll come down from heaven bearing judgment.

Andrew (to Maurya): Perhaps it's cold you are, and need some blankets?

Maurya: It's cold I'm feeling round the heart. Father, this is no judgment

day, as I've been after guessing from the first. Come home along with us.

Simon: It's you, too, losing faith. No, I'll stay here till the dead wake.

Maurya: Come down from off the hills and it's a cheer home we'll be showing you this night.

Michael: Maurya and me 'll make you joy on earth like to the blessed saints in paradise.

Andrew: And it's you, too, Michael, would be turning from the faith that would save you from the fires of hell.

Michael: Father, I'm a ripe man—and eyes to see that it's fools we are to be looking for the judgment. Let's go down the furze and have a wedding in the church, such as 'll warm your hearts both to see.

Maurya: We can't get into heaven, so let's go carrying a bit of heaven to earth.

Simon: It's only to stay one night that I'm asking.

Maurya: Another night as 'd be the death of us, with the cold winds and rain sweeping from the east.

Andrew: You and Michael, to be thinking of a wedding on the brink of judgment!

Michael: A wedding I'd liefer see than be a holy angel.

Maurya (pleading with Simon): They're needing us down below. The church is falling in rack, the poor is wailing, and Rosa and the hounds 'll be missing us this night from home.

Simon: Has grace gone from you, so you will not bide one night?

Andrew: It's a bitter day that bore us such children.

Michael: Come, let's be going down, the mists are rising.

(Maurya holds out her arms toward her father.)

Simon (doggedly): I've no hold on you. Take your new comrade.

(Maurya and Michael go out together.)

(The old men stand with their heads bowed on their breasts.)

Silence.

Simon (huskily): The judgment day—

Andrew: Now they're free of the furze and heading for the village lights. It's a fine night for a marriage, I'm thinking.

Simon (dimly): Let's be going down, Andrew. It's hard set I am to find the way.

(They hobble off.)

CURTAIN.

MARIE COLLINS, 1913.

THOMAS CHATTERTON'S LAST POEM.

(Awarded second prize in poem contest.)

Aye! I'll write my mind out once before I die;
Write it out and tear it up and let the pieces lie
Scattered on the dingy floor where the rest lie dead,—
My poems, the fragments of the history I thought to write,
The well-turned bursts of hatred,—
No, they shall not have them!
Ah, they're all too smug!

Even the mother and sister that I love
Do talk of God;
I listen as if it were a foreign word,
Falling on ears that do not comprehend.
I'll not be bound! Their ways are not my ways,
Nor are mine theirs.
And I'll not eat the bitter bread of charity.

"Precocious criminal, imposter, forger,"
—All this because a merry child
Was cleverer than they!

If but the moon were full, I would not die.
Life surges up, and I could live forever,
With naught but taunts to nourish me,
And jeers to shelter;
If the moon stayed full.

Having seen all life, and being sick and weary of it all,
I, Thomas Chatterton, of age nineteen,
Do leave to all my fellow-humans
(Save only mother and that sister I do love)
My hearty curse:

In sleek prosperity—

No, I cannot curse you now;
I am too tired.
I am an-hungered, heart and soul,
—And body too, if truth were told.

Room was all I asked, room!
O world, cage-barred and shallow little world,
I wanted room to breathe, and laugh, and be!

These limbs will rot away to dust,
This caged wild soul—will be no more.
Ah, it is good to die!

RUTH COLEMAN, 1915.

THE PRIVATE ROOM.

MY definition of "domesticity" has always been Aunt Mary and, although I love Aunt Mary, I have always had a personal prejudice against becoming "domestic." In the first place, I should feel it necessary to read all my husband's letters, even though he frequently suggested that it was not necessary; then I should want to read everybody else's letters, and, in the case of a niece and nephew of undefensive age, I should read them. Then I should want to read all that they wrote in return. In short, I should make it a point to know everything I possibly could about my niece and nephew, and, of course, about their parents. I should consider it a duty to "make over" for my niece all my old clothes, especially black ones, since they do not show soil, notwithstanding the fact that my niece might be rather pale of complexion and look habitually ill in black. Personally, I should not have time to read and, consequently, I should have a certain prejudice against that habit in others. If, for instance, I were accustomed to find my niece curled up in the auto in the garage—an unearthly place to betake oneself on a summer afternoon,—her head buried in a bulky volume whose title I should not recognize, I should feel it my duty to suggest that she might be working on that flannel waist for next winter, this being August and "winter here before we know it." But, above all, I should insist on having a house with no private rooms; I mean, that each room should open, as nearly as possible, into every other, so that if I, the aunt, should some night sleep in the front room, I could tell by the closing of doors, opening of windows and turning out of lights, just when my niece or nephew retired in the back room. In short, I should not have any such room in my house as Aunt Mary has on the third floor; a room positively isolated and reached through a hall and then a storeroom. For a niece, with tendencies to solitude and reading in bed, might select that room for hers, even though I always "stored" my feather bed on the iron bedstead in that room,—and my niece always visits me in summer,—and even though I keep none but my most unattractive furniture in that room. And, if my niece did choose it,—and why one should wish to sleep on a feather bed in summer is more than I can see,—it would be most inconvenient to travel to that third floor room each night to see if my niece had yet retired and to see that she did not put cold cream on her face; it makes the hair grow.

Yes, that third floor back room was Aunt Mary's one mistake and her greatest trial, for Rob and I have a most unexplained partiality for it. By the way, Aunt Mary's favorite witticism is that she will present me with a feather bed as a wedding present. Aunt Mary does not doubt that there will be a wedding; I believe, in fact, that she already has my husband selected.

But, both Rob and I have friends whom Aunt Mary did not select, and, moreover, about whom she does not know. For instance, she had never heard of Millie. There was no reason why she should not, but, without discussing the point, Rob and I had agreed that there was no reason why she should. And so, when I saw, on a certain Saturday night in September, Millie's large, square handwriting among the numerous advertisements a doctor's mail always brings, I fairly cast myself upon the postman's neck in my desire to myself take the letters to my aunt. Aunt Mary was disappointed in the mail that night. "Nothing but advertisements," she announced, and I looked sympathetic.

Rob was camping at the lake and was not expected back until Monday, but, in half an hour he came hurrying in. Aunt Mary was in the kitchen, telling Sarah, the fifty-year-old housekeeper, to start the cereal for breakfast; Sarah had already started it and always did start it before Aunt Mary remembered to tell her, but Aunt Mary always told her, just the same.

"Didn't I get a letter?" Rob began, before I could express any surprise at his arrival.

"Sh!" I whispered. The living room "opens into" the kitchen. "Did you expect one?"

"Yes. Where——"

"Is that why you came back?"

"Yes. Give it to me."

"If you'll let me sleep in the 'private room.'" We had drawn lots for the room when we first came, and Rob had won.

"Say, that isn't fair. Anyhow, I haven't finished 'The Call of the Wild' yet.—Where is it? Give it to me."

I held my hand over the front of my waist where the letter crackled tantalizingly. "Can I have the room?"

"Yep. Give it to me."

He snatched the letter gleefully, his face on a broad grin. We heard Aunt Mary coming. "Where shall I read it?" Rob demanded desperately, thrusting it into his pocket.

"Our library book is due to-night, isn't it?" I asked, seriously.

"Why, I only took it out yester—"

"I think we'd better take back that library book," I interrupted, raising my voice and looking hard at Rob.

"Oh,—gee, yes," Rob exploded, as Aunt Mary entered.

"We have to go to the library, Aunt Mary. Our book is due," I announced.

"What is your book?" asked Aunt Mary.

"Les Miserables."

"Lay—That's a queer name. How do you spell it?" I spelled it. Aunt Mary picked up the napkin she was hemming and Rob and I hurried out.

Half-way down the street I remembered something. "Heavens, Rob, we forgot that book."

"We didn't want it, anyhow," he answered, thinking of something else.

At the library I buried my head in a Saturday Evening Post. I believe the story was one of Robert W. Chambers', whom I do not read. Of course, Rob always lets me read Millie's letters, but, of course, I must not appear to want to. Rob and I have very definite ideas on the subject of reading other people's letters without permission. I watched Rob, from under my lashes; when he had finished he grinned and shook himself with that spasmodic motion which originates in the solar plexus; his expression was beatific. I forgot Mr. Chambers and my eyelashes; Robert looked up and met my gaze.

"What're you lookin' at me for?" he demanded, angrily.

Instantly I was absorbed in The Saturday Evening Post, but, from under my eyelashes, I saw Robert fold the letter and put it half-way into its envelope; he hesitated, looked at me and half drew it out again; then he thrust it entirely back. My hopes fell. I had been suspected of curiosity, most heinous of crimes, and confidence was assassinated. Robert looked once more. A stroke of lightning could not have torn me from Mr. Chambers. Rob held the letter toward me. "Here, you can read it," he said carelessly.

"Never mind. I won't bother."

"Go ahead. I want you to."

I relinquished Robert W. Chambers and took the letter. There was not anything in it; at least, nothing to make one shake and look beatific.

On the way home, Rob said, "I've got to answer that right away. I'm just in the mood."

"Well, then, we'd better go up to the 'private room.'"

"Ye-ah, I guess so. I tell you, you get the pen and ink and I'll get the lamp." The "private room" has no gas, as have the others.

Aunt Mary was seated where we had left her, with her back to the writing desk. I sat down opposite her. After a moment I fell to examining the "Three Fates" over the writing desk; they have been there ever since I can remember, but I never before felt such an interest in them. I got up, to look more closely. I stood in front of them, between Aunt Mary and the desk. My hand found the pen and ink, noiselessly. I slid into the front hall and started quietly up-stairs.

"Where are you going?" called Aunt Mary.

"Up-stairs,—'Way down upon the Swanee River,'" I sang.

"What are you going to do?" continued Aunt Mary.

I stopped. "Why,—Rob is going to write a letter."

"Where?" demanded Aunt Mary.

"Oh, I guess in the pri—the room on the third floor."

"There's no gas," said Aunt Mary, with decision. "Tell him to write his letter in the sewing room, at father's desk. Do you know how to open it?"

I heard Aunt Mary move and felt that she was coming to open it for me. "Yes,

I know how, Aunt Mary," I answered, hastily.

Rob had been listening at the head of the stairs. I did not meet his eye. "You may as well stay up and read," he invited.

I opened grandfather's desk, seated myself near and Bob began to write, an intent smile on his face. The clock ticked loudly in the next room; Rob's pen scratched busily,—for perhaps five minutes.

Then Aunt Mary came up, without announcing herself. She hovered over the sewing machine for a minute, then looked out of the window. Inasmuch as it was dark outside and there was a light inside, she could not possibly have seen beyond the pane. I sat tense, looking hard at my page. Rob's pen scratched fiercely.

"Are you writing to your mother?" asked Aunt Mary.

"No."

Aunt Mary turned up the gas and moved over to the desk, beginning to rearrange the contents of its cubby-holes. Rob hunched up his shoulders and leaned so close to his paper I thought his nose would touch it. His mouth was tense and his pen fairly stabbed the sheet.

"Are you writing to one of your boy friends?" asked Aunt Mary.

"No," Rob thundered, tipping over the chair as he jumped up and bolted down-stairs. Aunt Mary picked up the chair.

"Was he writing to a girl?" asked Aunt Mary.

"I'll ask him, Aunt Mary," I answered, hurrying after Rob.

"Oh, Ruth," Aunt Mary called, "did you know you two forgot the "Lay" book. It's nearly nine o'clock, so you'll have to hurry to get it to the library before it closes."

"All right, Aunt Mary," I answered, and Rob and I carried "Les Miserables" down to the library.

Rob was ominously silent. At length he growled, between his teeth, "I tore it up. It was rotten. I got all out of the mood."

It was not my letter, and, anyhow, I was going to have the 'private room' that night, so I could afford a little consolation.

"I tell you. Take my fountain pen to the library to-morrow and write it then."

"Library's closed on Sunday."

I waited a long time. I am not given to conscious martyrdoms. At length I said, "You can have the 'private room' to-night."

Rob rose to the occasion. He wrung my hand. "Gee, sis, you're a peach," he said.

KATHLENE C. BURNETT.

SLIP SHEETS.

FROM A NEW ENGLAND NOTE-BOOK.

AUTUMN.

Down by the river the woods are having a party—a great pageant, with the wind for herald! A little sun-checkered path leads one straight into the midst of the pageant, but, once within, the bravery of the splashing colors becomes mellowed into a soft glory. The slope of the hillside, noisy with whirling leaves at the edge of the woods, lies quite open to the sun further in, and gleams yellow with a dim memory of summer. The leaves on the younger trees shiver in and out of the sunlight restlessly, while here and there an older tree shines luminous and still, in complete surrender. As I follow the rough trail in all its twistings I can hear the wind swirling past me through the tree-tops, and its sound is changing: it begins to rattle stiffly among the leaves. The little maples and aspens huddle themselves together to escape its wrenches, but it tears relentlessly at the older trees until they are becoming bald. On the hillside a few small evergreens remain passively green, echoing the deep notes of the pine trees, like the bass notes in a great chorus. They are such conservative little trees that, when the wind tries to awaken them to the enthusiasm of autumn, they bundle themselves up and stubbornly turn their backs, while the wind pelts them with dead leaves.

H. B. D., '13.

There are, in autumn, grey days, misty, yet luminous, that fold you close to the strange, quiet beauty of October. Then, looking across the roll of green, softened by touch of fine rain, you stand hushed,

alone, closed in with a single beauty on the farther slope, as of slender white line of birch, mist hung in pale yellow leaves.

Oftener come days of life and fire when the road passes through woods aflame with the red of oak and sumach, though the elms drop yellow trails against the blue of sky, and crimson background of barberry in the underbrush is softened by bronzed brakefern and Solomon's Seal, dry, crackling yellow, but scarlet-tipped with falling berries; though pines stand sturdily, copper-toned through green, and the freshness of spring is in the feathery sway of locust and the glimpse of straight, quiet poplars through the opening, yet early, for a little space, flame is the note of the October woods. Everywhere vision of red glory flashes, sometimes, as the sun lights a single tree, touched to the fiery beauty of the Grael red.

Later flame falls to flush of rose color, grey veiled, pale yellow of birch and elm, oak bronze and dusty maroon. Sometimes one comes to a quiet piece of road, grey bordered by willows, where shadows fall hushed on white sand, and the way stretches to a far patch of sunshine at the dip of road beyond. There a low roll of hill and valley lies quietly, crimson carpeted with shrubs on one near stony hillside; blue shadowed by clouds on farther slopes; violet mist hung in the beyond. Colors blend; the valley is shadowed by wind clouds except where sun rests on quiet pasture land.

In the end color dulls to sleepy brown, sear leaves roll up warmly close to the houses where the frosted scarlet of salvia gives still a note of warm color. There is chill tingle of fall in your fingers, pungent smell of smoke in the air, the flame of bonfires by the roadside, the laughter of children in the twilight.

1913.

A typical New England fall day, sunny and mellow,—a trim, stylish macadamized road, gentle slopes of the banks on either side,—long gray meadows, with here and there a stretch of orange,—everything quiet with the air of receptivity,—a quiet easily assimilating the occasional clang of a trolley car.

Ahead, long rows of comfortable maples, with here and there a knotty oak or a scarce-combed scrub pine. No "aisles of giants," nor tall-arched elms, to shut out the cloud-framed sky! Here and there the wine-stained velvet of sumach, or the precise brilliancy of barberries, stand out against the drab fields.

A tiny group of birches, whose slim lady-fingers of leaves are turning a dull copper. Goldenrod and asters, near-by, are unfolding in soft, buttery yellows and mild purples. Every detail of color fits into the background of burnt-orange and dry-brown foliage like the colors in an old mosaic. Even the tiny little gray house in the hollow melts into the color scheme from long humanization by the elements. Around it are some nubby little apple-trees, gray and unassuming. Any lurking suggestion of wildness in the whole is put to silence by the carefully-composed stone-wall, the abiding symbol of the frugal and determined nature which has left its imprint so firmly on the things at hand.

1913.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

POLITICAL MEETING IN WELLESLEY TOWN HALL.

The first of the political meetings arranged by Miss Balch, was held in the Wellesley Town Hall, Friday, October 25, at 7.45 P.M. The Democratic and Progressive parties were represented. Mr. Porter, President of the Democratic Club at Harvard, summarized the attitude of the three parties, Republican, Progressive and Democratic, on the three points at issue, the tariff, the trusts and labor.

In regard to the tariff he said, "Through statistics Americans realize that consumers are paying a tax on goods. Taft's policy is that of 'let well enough alone; the tariff as it exists is of benefit.' The attitude of the Progressives is, that there should be a productive tariff, but that it should be based on the principle of the costs of production." Mr. Porter pointed out the fallacy here as the belief that the principle of comparing costs is a staple one; as a matter of fact it is a variable one,—a variable which Wilson would reduce slowly and reasonably, through free trade, to its limit.

In regard to trusts Taft again upholds a "laissez-faire" policy and argues, through the examples of the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company and the American tobacco industry, that they have done good. The fallacy in such reasoning, Mr. Porter held, comes in the fact that this theoretical dissolution was a pure farce, inasmuch as the controlling units are still in power. The attitude of the Progressives is that the trusts are the outcome of natural laws and should be, by way of reform, organized under a federal corporation, on lines upon which the Progressives wish them run. The fallacy here was enumerated as follows: (1) No American trust has ever reached a height of consolidation because of a desire for increased efficiency; (2) None of the conspicuous trusts has secured its control of prices and production except by means of privileges both unfair and illegal; Roosevelt stands for consolidation into monopolies; for taking away from the states the control of those monopolies; and for creating a bureau for the control of said monopolies. Wilson considers that the only remedy for consolidation and combinations is to break them up into their individual parts; that the Sherman Law should be put into operation, with additional force; that state government under certain conditions and national under others should take hold and break it up; and that independent competition is the basis for the prosperity of the nation.

In regard to the labor question, each party believes that a large source of the discontent is due to the fact that the laborer feels himself badly treated. Taft says little; Roosevelt feels that the social side is the important part of the campaign and tries to minimize the trust and tariff question. Wilson feels that remedial legislation deals with conditions and not sources, and that the tariff is the source of the trouble.

The Progressive speaker, Mr. John Graham Brooks of Cambridge, considered it a mistake to think the tariff the most fundamental thing. The point of issue is to get real representative government and then to teach the people how to use that power. The real fundamental issue in the campaign is that every bit of the social legislation in the world should represent public interest, including the laborer and the employer; we should get the view of politics whereby we shall vote for the measure which shall include the most significant measure for all the people. Social interests have become a structural part of politics. Because these questions come in more coherently and solidly in the Progressive platform than in any other, it is that Zubelin, Jane Addams, Pinchot and people of like fame vote for it.

COURSE OF LECTURES.

Under the auspices of the Village Improvement Society of Wellesley, a course of free lectures has been arranged to be given by members of the college Faculty. Six lectures in the fall deal with scientific subjects and six in the spring with literary.

The first two were given by Professor Whiting in the Town Hall on the evenings of October 22 and 29. The subjects were: "The Face of the Sky," and "Modern Discoveries in Astronomy."

The next lectures announced are by Professor Gamble, on Psychology.

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FREE PRESS.

I.

Every year after we elect our Editor-in-chief of the College News we shift most of the responsibility of the News upon her willing but overworked shoulders. Do we think that our responsibility ends with the election? It seems only fair that we should co-operate with the board in making our college paper hold its own with other college publications, and we should use the News as a medium through which we, as a college, may offer our thoughts and opinions,—such as they are,—for public consideration. H. D. W., 1914.

[Thank you, H. D. W.,—Editorial Board.]

II.

Applauding.

Musicians of fine sensibilities and established reputation sometimes place at the end of their printed programmes, "Audience please refrain from applause." An audience thus instructed does not appreciate the performance the less than one noisily enthusiastic, nor does the musician think it does. True appreciation comes in the unconscious attention to the performances; true courtesy, in the case of uninteresting performances, in the conscious attention of the audience. Applause is merely a conventional form of appreciation and is usually an afterthought to true enjoyment. As such it should be treated. Like a handshake it should not be prolonged unduly, or it becomes bad taste.

Wellesley audiences are prone to over-applauding. Our Faculty applaud freely and appreciatively, and then stop; we go on, with furious clapping of hands, as though gleefully, childishly delighting in the mere physical action. We applaud indiscriminately, as long and hilariously for one as another thing. Such applause conveys no distinctive appreciation to the performer, bores those interested in having him continue, interrupts him unnecessarily and shows poor taste in the audience. Watch the Faculty for your cues! 1913.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Sunday, November 10, Houghton Memorial Chapel, 11.00 A.M. Preacher, Rev. James Austin Richards, of Boston.
7.00 P.M., Special music.

Tuesday, November 11, College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P.M. Lecture for Bible 13, by Professor Arthur O. Norton of the Department of Education. Subject: "Understanding the Child."

FAMOUS VISITOR AT WELLESLEY.

Senor Don Rafael Altamira, the leading historian of Spain and an important member of the Ministry of Education, paid a flying visit to the college last week. Senor Altamira has been lecturing at the University of Texas, at the University of Columbia, and at Harvard. He was especially interested in Wellesley College because it is the Alma Mater of Susan D. Huntington, Directora of the International Institute for Girls at Madrid. The distinguished Spaniard paid a high tribute to Miss Huntington's wisdom and efficiency and augured a great future for this first woman's college in Spain.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., of the Wellesley College News, published weekly during the college year, at Wellesley, Massachusetts. Required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name. Post-office Address.
Editor: Helen G. Logan, Wellesley, Mass.
Subscription Editor: Laura F. Ellis, Wellesley Mass.
Business Manager: Josephine W. Guion, Wellesley, Mass.
Publisher: Students of Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.
Owners: This paper is under student management with the help of two Alumnæ, the profits being divided among the members of the board, Wellesley, Mass.

Josephine Guion, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me the 5th day of October, 1912.

George Gould,
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DR. EUCKEN'S LECTURE.

In response to an invitation extended him by the Philosophy and German Departments, Dr. Rudolf Eucken, exchange professor at Harvard, delivered an address in Billings Hall, Thursday evening, October 24, on "The Struggle of the Present to Grasp the Meaning of Human Life."

Dr. Eucken was introduced by Professor Muller and greeted by a "Willkommen in Wellesley" from the student body. Dr. Eucken expressed his appreciation of the hearty welcome, and proceeded with convincing earnestness to the discussion of his problem. He spoke of the eternal inconsistency between the great achievements of man and his longing for happiness. New fields are conquered every day, but human happiness is not yet attained. Why, says Dr. Eucken, does this discrepancy exist? What brings about the discord in our present culture?

The latter part of the nineteenth century, with its great industrial progress, turned its attention to the visible world and denied the existence of an invisible one. It stands out in contrast to the early half of the century when the emphasis lay upon "the other world," when the visible world was regarded as a symbol of ideal beauty and truth. According to the materialistic standard, nature is no longer a great work of art expressing the world-soul, no symbol of purity and harmony as in the time of Rousseau, but, rather, a field for scientific investigation without moral or æsthetic concern. Nature is a great battle-field, in which the mightiest survive. Indifference is the attitude of nature. In reference to man it is a destructive force. In such a world egoism and a false humanity abound, and therefore such a pessimism as Schopenhauer's is vindicated.

But, as Dr. Eucken points out, such a mere play of forces cannot satisfy us. Work without meaning signifies the annihilation of the soul. We do not want to be mere mechanisms of nature. Our sense of a lack of inner culture and our search for a deeper purpose prove that we cannot content ourselves with so low an aim. Hegel offers a true solution of the problem in his claim that whoever recognizes his limits reaches beyond them. The search for absolute truth and beauty testifies to their existence.

From the recognition of this higher purpose in life, follows our obligation to further it, not by a withdrawal from it, but by earnest activity in it. Work is not a mere means of self-preservation; it is an essential factor in the perfecting of the world. The goal toward which we are aiming must take entire possession of us; it will then lead to self-forgetfulness. Our century offers great and intricate problems with serious demands upon the individual, attended by ever-increasing opportunities for self-activity. Victory is to be attained through strife.

In closing, Dr. Eucken spoke of woman's part in this great movement of the time toward a purer and truer humanity.

DEUTSCHE VEREIN.

The first meeting of Deutsche Verein was held Monday evening, October 26, around the fireside of T. Z. E.,—Elsie Lerch, the president, presiding. Out of the membership of about eighty, nearly fifty were present, including several Faculty members. The spirit of hospitality manifested in the "Willkommen," posted on the door, was furthered by Miss Lerch's cordial welcome to the new members to join in the society's purpose of preserving German customs in an American environment. She spoke of Professor Eucken as typical of the German ideal of tolerance and culture which we may well imitate. The customary feast of sausages, cheese and black bread was served, while Fraulein Muller, with her usual wit and vivacity, told of the significance and importance of the bread. The meeting closed with the singing of German songs.

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VOL. XXI NOVEMBER 7, 1912 NO. 6

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PUBLISHED weekly during college year by a board of students of Wellesley College. Subscription, one dollar and fifty cents, in advance. Single copies, weekly number, ten cents; magazine number, fifteen cents. All business communications should be sent to "College News Office," Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Laura Ellis, Wellesley College. All Alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Bertha March, 394 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

EDITORIAL.

The War in the Balkans.

The question as to whether the powers of Europe will intervene in the war in the Balkans makes the present state of affairs doubly interesting to onlookers. The wars in which Turkey has taken part have never been allowed to settle themselves. After they have gone on for some time and much blood has been shed the great powers of Europe have stepped in, ordering the fighting to cease, and arranging that the results should be settled by diplomacy. When the Russians conquered the Turks in 1878 they, (the Russians), were not allowed to enjoy any advantages or take Constantinople. When the Turks conquered the Greeks in 1897 an arrangement was made almost as if the Greeks had conquered the Turks. Moreover, it is now rumored that renewed activities in regard to European intervention have lately been going on in London.

In times past the Turks were unmatched fighters, but now their power seems waning. For about a century the empire has been slowly shrinking. Greece gained freedom in 1829. Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria and other portions have gradually escaped Turkish rule, and now, according to the Viennese newspapers, the formation of a permanent Balkan confederacy to occupy the whole peninsula is aimed at.

So far in the war the Turks have not sustained their ancient warlike reputations. The Montenegrins, Serbs and Bulgarians have advanced into Turkish territory and captured important places. It may be that the Turks have deep plans to let their enemies advance into a trap. But it is more likely that corruption and inefficiency have weakened the Turkish army, and that we see the beginning of the end. Turkey is suffering for her contempt of modern improvements, her slowness in the matter of railroads, etc. As the water routes are often cut off by the fleets of other countries, land communication, however defective, must be Turkey's main resort.

It is reported that many hundreds of Greeks and Bulgarians are returning from America to join the armies of their homelands. These people feel that for five hundred years Turkey has been misruling and oppressing her subjects. Therefore they are ready to make great sacrifices in order to join in the struggle against her.

It is difficult to learn the exact whereabouts of the armies and the real results of the battles, as every effort is made by the warring powers to prevent information from getting out. The old-time war correspondent who wrote long and full reports is now unknown.

ALPHA KAPPA CHI PROGRAM MEETING.

Society Alpha Kappa Chi held its regular program meeting on Saturday, October 26. Papers were read by Doris Fenton on "The Greek Theater" and by Ruth Reed, giving a sketch of Euripides' life.

The first part of Euripides' "Iphigeneia in Aulis," (Arthur Way's English translation), was presented in two scenes, each before Agamemnon's tent in Aulis. The cast of characters was as follows:

Scene I.

Agamemnon.....Isabelle McCready
Menelaus.....Alice Merrill
Old Man.....Lucia Bailey

Secne II.

Agamemnon.....Emma Seifried
Iphigeneia.....Mildred Holmes
Clytemnestra.....Grace Ruel
Messenger.....Margaret Ston

PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

A LYRIC.

(Not meant to compete with Tennyson's.)

Broke, broke, broke,
As the one o'clock pulls out,
I stand alone on the corner,
And hear the children shout.

I saw my comrades pass me.
"Aren't you coming to-day?"
"I've too much work, dear, thank you!"
Is what I glibly say.

But deep in my breast the secret
Is turning my heart to stone;
'Tis oh! for the right to a check-book,
And the tinkle of vanished coin!

Next month will get here, some day,
As the one o'clocks come and go;
On the distant December first, love,
I'm off for the nearest show.

But now I stand on the corner,
And it isn't any joke
When your friends are off for Boston,
And you're broke, broke, broke.

SONG OF THE VILLAGE SOPHOMORE.

Oh, we are Village Sophomores
And we think it's lots of fun
To stay up on the campus until our work is done,
We leave our gym shoes, books, and pens,
With friends in College Hall,
And soon, too soon, sad to relate,
They'll come to hate us all.

Chorus.

Oh, campus Sophomores,
Dear campus Sophomores,
We like your rooms, we like your spreads,
We like your neighbors, too,
And since you won't come down to us,
We'll all go up to you.

Yes, we are village Sophomores, and the exercise is great,
It saves us so much trouble of paddling on the lake.
We like to be thought Freshmen as we stride along the path
And asked in condescending tones, "How do you like your Math?"

Chorus.

J. L. CLAPP

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PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS—Continued

HOW TRITE!

Our dinner was quite good that night but Dotty
didn't eat,
She sat with head averted and she wouldn't touch
her meat,
'Twas with concern I watched her as she held aloof
her chin,
"Oh, Dotty dear, are you in love, or trying to get
thin?"

"'Tis neither," answered Dotty, "but I've just
been down town,
I dropped in at the tea room and—"
— — — —

(The dashes are our own.)

YES, INDEED.

Little runs to college,
Little runs to class,
Little runs in group games,
Make a mighty lass.

Little cuts in classes,
Little cuts in gym,
Little cuts in group games,
All count up like sin.

Little trips to Harvard,
Little trips to town,
Little trips for week-ends
Are hard on one poor gown. 1915.

NEWS ITEM.

Do you know what the sources of Matthew are? One student has given them as Mark, non-Mark, and question-mark!

GENERAL AID SALE.

The general aid sale will be held in connection with the College Settlements doll show, the first week in December, probably the seventh. We want a large and attractive table, so don't forget to make things, fancy articles especially. Each girl contributing articles for sale, gets the entire profit. For further particulars apply to Virginia Moffat, chairman of General Aid Committee, 233 College Hall.

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DR. SPEER'S SPEECHES.

The Student Volunteer Conference brought to Wellesley Dr. Robert Speer, the secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and an enthusiastic leader of the Student Volunteer movement.

Dr. Speer took as the keynote of his sermon the story of Caleb's choice of the dangerous hill country in the division of Canaan. The greatest thing in the story is choice and character. Each depend on each other, and in youth, the time of choice, judgments determine character and future.

The choice men make is determined by their character. Josiah and Caleb, men of strong character and moral discernment, men of action, liked great, heroic work, and relished a task for its bigness. Strong men arise to great courageous actions, and are happiest when all their powers of resistance are attacked. But evasive characters seek to escape decision. Choice reveals what character is. Caleb's choice revealed bravery, defiance of the majority. No cowardly nature could have made such a decision. A weak man would have quailed before such a great crisis.

Choices shape our character. Science attributes the determination of character to heredity, but previous decisions are potent factors in the moulding of character. A long line of unflinching decisions has changed a wavering character into a firm decisive one. So there is hope for us if we have made wrong decisions, for by right choices we can make ourselves what we are not. Let us therefore answer instead of evading. Let us choose right instead of wrong. A great task is meant for us because we can see its greatness. The evangelization of the world was Christ's idea. God reveals it to us, and it is therefore possible. Let us accept the task because it is difficult, heroic, great.

In his address at vespers, Dr. Speer's subject was the missionary life and its rewards. The common idea is that a missionary's life is complete renunciation. But compliance with the will of God does not shatter, but enriches a life. First, there is intellectual gain in the enlargement of our horizons. A new understanding is gained of the big movements in the world, a knowledge of the movements of the human spirit to solve the riddles of life and an acquaintance with racial problems. Next, our sympathy instead of being limited to our own commonwealth becomes world-wide.

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OBSERVATORY NOTES.

It is quite worth while to look towards the southwest just after sunset, for there both Venus and Jupiter can be seen as bright stars. Both are quite low, for the ecliptic makes a smaller angle with the horizon than the equator in the fall. Venus, the lower planet, is moving east more rapidly than Jupiter and will pass it during November.

If one turns towards the east about the time Jupiter is disappearing Saturn can be seen about midway between the Pleiades and the red star Aldebaran. Saturn is moving west and will be nearer the Pleiades in December.

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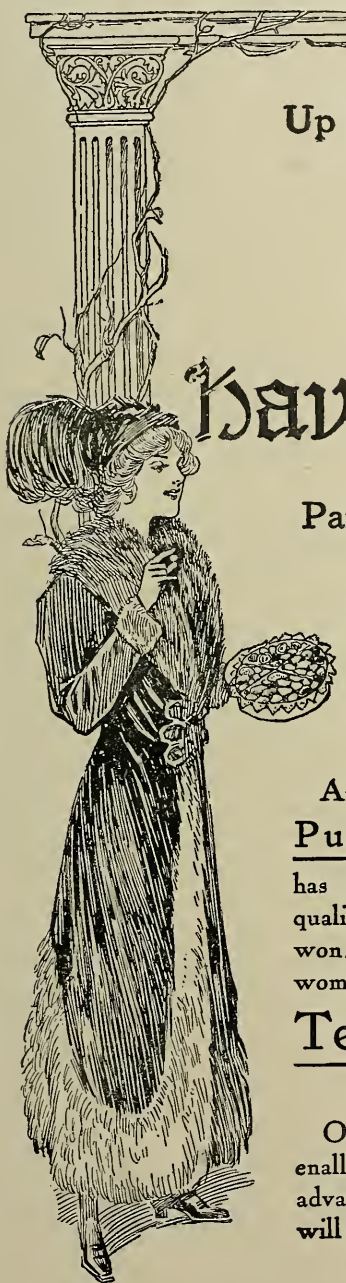

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